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Poems

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P O E M S .

BY

JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH.

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COLLECTED AND PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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ROCHDALE:

ALDIS AND PEARSON, PRINTERS, YORKSHIRE-STREET,

1858.

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1858.





TO C. S. GOODMAN, ESQ.,

OF SOUTHPORT,

THESE POEMS ARE,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF ESTEEM AND AFFECTION,

! RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS ATTACHED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

ROCHDALE,

*September, 1858.*



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Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours; with this key  
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WORDSWORTH.



## P R E F A C E .

---

Whether the following trifles which I have designated "Poems," merit that title, I leave to the judgment of the reader. I should have preferred to call them "prose fringed with rhyme"; such as they are, however, whether prose or poetry, I place them in the hands of my friends, for distribution amongst whom they have been reclaimed from the fugitive life they have hitherto led in the columns of newspapers and other publications.



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# P O E M S .



## S U M M E R .

'Tis glorious Summer, and the brilliant sun  
Looks down in splendour on the earth below ;  
Lakes, meadows, mountains, glisten in his glow  
And triumph in the smile which they have won.  
Grandeur and rich magnificence appear  
Profusely scattered with indulgent hand ;  
And man, for whom these benefits were planned,  
Adores the God whose wonders shine so clear.  
Then say not, discontented ones, that Earth  
Contains no image to allure the soul  
To gladness. Awake, and listen to the mirth  
Of birds, and catch refinement from the whole ;  
So shall the heart, made liberal and free,  
Exult and bound with generous ecstacy.

---

## S A B B A T H M O R N I N G .

How calm and still the sacred morn of rest !  
How bright with sovereign beauty all things seem !  
Am I awake ? Or does a radiant dream,  
With magic potence charm my ravished breast ?  
Birds on their glossy pinions cleave the air,  
And raise with shrill delight their raptured song ;  
What high enjoyment must to them belong !  
What pure emotions unalloyed by care !  
Oh ! that the peace which falls upon me now  
Might always bless this anxious heart of mine—  
Control its restless passions and allow  
The powerful sway of nought but love divine !  
How gently then would glide my life away ;  
Supremely happy and serenely gay !

## FAITH. HOPE. CHARITY.

A BAND of sister graces walk the earth,  
And strew with fairest flowers the path to heaven;  
They free the soul from sordid dross and leaven;  
And show how glorious is our godlike birth.  
FAITH is submissive, and with meekness hears  
The voice of mercy speaking to the heart;  
Whilst smiling HOPE doth evermore impart  
Her dream-like joys, and dissipates our fears;  
But CHARITY, the brightest of the train,  
Inspires the mind with gentleness and love;  
She thinks no ill, but calmly strives to move  
The breast to kindness and its rage restrain:  
And thus, with purest aims, the heaven-born three  
Range o'er the earth in blissful harmony!

---

## MOUNTAINS.

HERE mid these noble solitudes I stand,  
And gaze with rapture on the sunny skies,  
And all the beauties that before me rise,  
In splendour robed by Nature's gracious hand.  
These vast, majestic heights, O God! attest  
The might of Thy creative arm, and show  
The wonders of Thy power. Around they throw  
A deep repose, which soothes my throbbing breast.  
How sweet it were to dwell for ever here,  
Remote from tumults and the din of strife;  
To bask in sunshine ever soft and clear,  
Unheedful of the clouds that darken life;  
And while I bowed to Nature's mild control,  
Adore the God who formed and animates the whole!

## CHATTERTON.

GENIUS hath been, as oft her sons have proved,  
A faithless parent, fickle and unkind,  
As if her frail ones had no claim to find  
Regard from her, nor cared to be beloved.  
Strange that her offspring she should leave forlorn,  
And cast them forth upon the bleak, cold world,  
Careless, alike, if cherished there, or hurled  
In wrath aside, to meet un pitying scorn.  
O wondrous Chatterton, to thee she gave  
A soul of flame, and high heroic mind,  
And yet with tearless eye, beheld the grave  
Close o'er the sorrows she had failed to bind!  
We mourn thy fate, alas! and grieve to know  
That anguish, pride, and want did work thine overthrow.

---

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MAGICIAN of the North! whose tireless might  
Was as an eagle's soaring to the sun,  
Thy spell-creating genius quickly won  
A great renown, which Envy cannot blight.  
Thy mind beams out in sweetness on thy page,  
And glows our highest sympathies to claim;  
Thy dazzling splendour was no meteor flame;  
Thou wast the boast and honour of thine age.  
Thou art enshrined in our heart of hearts,  
And dost not need the pomp which marble gives;  
Thy name with us imperishably lives,  
And dearer grows as year by year departs;  
A nation guards thy fame with ceaseless care,  
And none to pluck thy bays shall ever rashly dare!

## VANITY OF HUMAN GLORY.

THE most stupendous piles that man can raise,  
 Contain the essence of their own decay ;  
 Time slowly breathes, and lo ! they fall away,  
 And shapeless ruins mark the pomp of ancient days.  
 The proudest cities of the East were decked  
 With rich memorials of the builder's art ;  
 But these have perished : column, fane, and mart  
 Lie on the darkened plain, ignobly wrecked.  
 Can, then, ambitious man, to grace his reign,  
 And fix his honours when he sleeps in dust,  
 Erect no pile whose grandeur shall constrain  
 Hoar Time to prove unmindful of his trust ?  
 Ah ! no ; in vain we seek a deathless fame,  
 For human glory sinks as sinks the taper's flame !

## EVENING.

THE brilliant light of day has fled, and eve  
 Sinks on the earth like to a funeral pall ;  
 But ere her dusky gloom has curtained all  
 The earth, the golden stars of heaven weave  
 A fringe of light along the darkened sky.  
 Where can we find such beauty ? Where behold  
 More perfect marvels than the skies unfold ?  
 Darkness and Light in close contention vie  
 How best to show GOD's glorious majesty !  
 As roll the stars or sun—by night or day—  
 Look upward and the adoring heavens display  
 His love and wisdom to the studious eye.  
 Oh, if on Earth such beauteous views are given,  
 How bright and pure must be the blissful courts of Heaven !

## THE NURSES.

[*Written during the Russian War.*]

To tend the sick upon their fevered bed,  
 And heal the wounds that cruel war had made,  
 True, tender-hearted Women rose. They laid  
 Aside the common things of life; and, led  
 By Mercy, took their way to distant lands.  
 'Twas no mock sympathy that urged them on,  
 But sweetest Charity, which brightly shone  
 Upon their path, and nerved their trembling hands.  
 Blessings on them! and on their holy task!  
 And may the aids which they employ, be strong  
 And prosperous! May the stern and icy clasp  
 Of Death, relax; and the Brave be spared us long,  
 That so, when Peace resumes her blissful reign,  
 The Good and Brave may meet in happy homes again.

## ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

[*Written during the Russian War.*]

ENGLAND has lost the prestige of her name,  
 And she, who once was mighty and could awe  
 The nations into dread as by a law  
 Is mourning now her tarnished ancient fame.  
 Statesmen have wrought this ruin; men are they  
 Whose names fall coldly on their country's ear;  
 War was to them a pastime and a play,  
 And human life less precious than old gear.  
 England! awake! emerge from out this cloud  
 Like as a radiant star in evening gloom;  
 Cast off this shame; be once more great and proud  
 And scare thy foemen with thy nodding plume!  
 Wage war in wisdom; let the nations see  
 That England still can make the stoutest quail and flee!

## TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

[*Written during the Russian War.*]

If thy brave heart, and purity of aim,  
With deep benevolence and love combined,  
Be not enough to wake in every mind  
Esteem for thee, and give thee lasting fame,  
Then there is nought on earth deserves applause.  
Thou went'st a ministering angel from this land,  
And, strengthened in a great and noble cause,  
Did'st scatter mercies 'mid our warrior band.  
The bleeding wounds which ruthless war had made,  
Received the tendance of thy healing care ;  
And when to Heaven the soldier breathed his prayer,  
For richest blessings on thy head he prayed ;  
And moved by goodness to a tender mood,  
His eyes o'erflowed with tears of earnest gratitude.

---

## THE DAWN OF PEACE.

[*Written at the close of the Russian War.*]

At length the dawn of blissful peace appears,  
And cheers all hearts with its celestial ray ;  
Like morning clouds our sorrows fade away,  
And genial Hope dispels our busy fears.  
O lovely peace ! how sweet thy heavenly smile !  
How placid are thy mildly-beaming eyes !  
Thou from our land hast absent been awhile,  
And doubt and gloom prevailed, and tears and sighs.  
Is there a heart in England's wide domain  
That does not leap with proud, exulting joy,  
Now that thy face in faith we see again,  
Bright as the splendour of a summer sky ?  
From the dread Past, with all its hideous woes,  
We turn, and pray to Heaven to give the world repose.

## B E A U T Y .

WHERE dwelleth Beauty? In the gorgeous sky,  
Which Sol has lighted with his golden fires;  
And in the placid moon when day retires;  
And in the stars which deck earth's canopy.  
Surpassing beauty reigns when Nature spreads  
Her grateful bounties to the ravished eye  
O'er plain and mount, and broad, luxuriant meads,  
Filling the soul with joyous ecstasy.  
The flowers whose perfume fills the summer air,  
Of graceful form, and soft, ethereal eyes  
Made lustrous with incomparable dyes,  
Tell us of beauty exquisitely fair.  
All-potent Beauty! none despise thy sway;  
Thou art the Sovereign whom all hearts obey!

---

## T R U T H .

TRUTH, daughter of the skies, to earth came down,  
Her brow all wreathed about with glorious hues;  
And at her mild approach, the baleful crews  
Of Vice and Error shook with fear. Her crown,  
Beggemmed with pearls, shone with translucent ray,  
And mirrored every shape. The sophist's schemes,  
Viewed through her lustrous brightness, fell away  
And proved as baseless as our midnight dreams;  
The politician's wisdom, and the patriot's zeal,  
Were false and selfish; Error's monstrous brood,  
Of every form and of as varied mood,  
Grasped at mere shadows and esteemed them real;  
And there, where holiness alone should be,  
Falsehood had garbed herself in robes of sanctity.

## F R E E D O M .

THE serf imprisoned in a gloomy cell,  
Pants for the moment when his chains shall fall ;  
The slave whose limbs are bruised with the thrall  
Of massive fetters, longs to bid farewell  
To bonds and stripes ; the bird whose rapid wing  
Erewhile had borne him through the buoyant air,  
Caged in a narrow prison, makes it ring  
With doleful cries of anguish and despair—  
So strong has Nature fixed in every breast  
The love of freedom. All things animate  
Cling to this birthright, and intensely hate  
Oppression and restraint, the foes of rest.  
O darling England! happy should'st thou be ;  
The guardian and the home of sacred Liberty!

---

## T H E P O E T .

THE Poet's mind is ever clear and bright,  
Full of rich splendour and delightful forms ;  
And if, at times, the world's unkindly storms  
Disturb its calmness, still it glows with light.  
Nature, to him, in all her moods, is fair ;  
Winter, though stern, is full of gladsome hope,  
And mid its cold and snows, bids him prepare  
For genial Spring, when countless blossoms ope  
Their tender eyelids to the gentle breeze,  
Disclosing treasured charms, and odours rare.  
He gazes thoughtfully, and all he sees  
In Nature's wide domain, bespeaks the care  
Of Him whose Hand sustains and guides the whole,  
And whose blest Presence is its life and soul!



## MESSIAH'S ADVENT.

THE angelic choir upon that blissful night,  
When CHRIST, the Saviour of mankind was born,  
Sang, "Hail to earth! behold the glorious morn  
Of peace is breaking with a radiant light!  
A Saviour comes, O sons of men, to burst  
Your captive fetters and uplift your head;  
To chase the grievous darkness which your curse  
And wrathful Foe has o'er the nations spread."  
Such was the song which favored shepherds heard  
With deep and silent awe. Earth felt new power,  
And glowed like Eden in that raptured hour;  
And all the air to melody was stirred.  
Thus heralded, to Earth the Saviour came,  
And wrought redemption for us: blessed be His name!

---

## DREAM-LAND

LAST night I dreamt my soul was borne away  
To blissful realms above the ether bright;  
And as I wandered 'mid their golden light,  
My spirit longed within those realms to stay.  
The sweetest sounds pervaded all the air;  
The loveliest sights allured the astonished eye;  
Harmonious sounds that cannot ever die,  
Entrapturing sights that time can ne'er impair.  
On earth were discord and tumultuous rage,  
But there sweet peace for aye had fixed her reign;  
Sighs dwelt not there, nor tears, nor restless pain,  
But bliss and love which knew not change nor age.  
I felt most blest; when, lo! my soul was torn  
From out its rapture by the envious morn!

TO—————.

LIKE the rich cadence of an angel's song,  
Thy silver notes fell on my charm'd ear,  
Sweetly as sunshine in a region drear,  
Softly as purling streams the hills among.  
Oh! it was bliss to hear thy lightest tone,  
And catch the pathos of thy deeper voice,  
And as, when leaves by Autumn winds are blown  
Hither and thither, without help or choice,  
So didst thou bear my raptured soul along.  
O gifted songstress! whose transcendent power  
Can charm alike the gay or pensive hour,  
How should'st thou glory in thine influence strong!  
Sure thou from Heaven hast won the alchemy  
Which turneth every heart to joy and harmony!

---

## THE MAGDALEN.

SHE wept to think how far from friends and home  
Her feet had wandered in lascivious ways,  
And how dark sin had hid from her the rays  
Of blissful peace, and cast a hateful gloom  
About the devious path in which she trod.  
Of those sweet moments when her heart was pure,  
Ere yet her soul had swerved from truth and God,  
She keenly thought, and felt, alas! that sure  
Destruction tracked her footsteps as she went.  
Oppressed with shame, she scarcely dared to lift  
Her eyes to Heaven, but weeping, lowly bent,  
And prayed for mercy, Heaven's all-priceous gift;  
And HE who gave to Mary Magdalene  
Pardon and comfort, washed and made the contrite clean!

## YOUTH.

As the brave seaman from his native shores  
 Sets forth upon the wide and trackless sea,  
 Blithe as the tuneful lark that merrily  
 His song of triumph to the morn outpours,  
 So YOUTH, as full of ardour and as gay,  
 Enter the ocean of this changeful life,  
 Unconscious of its dangers and its strife,  
 Dreaming alone of Fortune's favouring ray.  
 Their blissful future glows with rich delight,  
 And Hope allures them to a flowery goal ;  
 No cares disturb the rapture of their soul,  
 Or mar their prospects with unkindly blight ;  
 But soon the vision fades, and lo ! they find  
 How vain is human life, and they, alas ! how blind.

## ON A PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

“He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed.”—Isaiah LIII, 5.

DIVINE REDEEMER ! thou whose wounded frame  
 Is here impictured by the artist's power,  
 How great thy sufferings in that dreadful hour,  
 When from thy lips the cry of anguish came  
 “My God ! O why hast thou forsaken me ?”  
 Thy bleeding form—thy pierc'd hands and side,  
 Attest that thou for guilty man hast died,  
 And wrought salvation for us, rich and free.  
 Oh ! may thy sufferings not have been in vain,  
 But let thy blood, immaculate and pure,  
 To man, from woe and death, be certain cure,  
 And all our nature cleanse from sinful stain.  
 From thy high throne, 'mid splendour all divine,  
 Look down, and guide, and make us ever thine !

## H A V E L O C K .

TIME and events concur to show how great  
And godlike are the minds of noble men,  
And how, in darkest scenes, hearts hopeful and elate,  
And hands, are found to save and succour then.  
Thus HAVELOCK, pride and glory of our land,  
Shone forth in splendour like eve's brilliant star,  
And with a hero's zeal, in parts afar,  
Won mighty triumphs with his faithful band.  
Avenging angels followed in his train,  
And spread destruction o'er his hateful foe;  
He passed unhurt where multitudes were slain,  
But stern disease approached and laid him low,  
And then he died, as soldiers wish to die,  
Beloved by those he served, and crowned with victory.

---

## F L O W E R S .

FAIR, gentle flowers are sweetly springing now  
In favoured sunny spot and silent dell;  
They clustering come, and in mute language tell  
That Spring is here, with splendour on her brow.  
Up to the Source of Day, whose mighty beams  
Have roused from slumber Winter's torpid earth,  
They lift their heads, rejoicing in their birth,  
And woo the precious light which o'er them streams.  
With graceful form, and soft, enamelled eyes,  
They deck the field and cultured garden sweet;  
And gladsome winds, with motion light and fleet,  
Disperse the odours which from out them rise.  
How gay, and fresh, and full of life they seem!  
Alas! that they should fade, and perish like a dream.

## N A T U R E .

How great and glorious are the works of God !  
How well designed to further wisest ends !  
And, though the atheist wickedly contends  
That Fate, or Chance has made and spread abroad  
The mighty wonders which attract our gaze,  
We scorn his monstrous creed, and bow the knee  
In full belief that every thing we see  
The goodness, skill, or power of God displays.  
Throughout the range of Nature's ample sphere,  
In ocean, earth, and star-illumined sky,  
We plainly trace, in signs distinct and clear,  
The undoubted impress of Divinity :  
And none but those whose hearts are filled with pride,  
Can fail to mark how closely God and Nature stand allied.

---

## TO THE DESPONDING.

WE act unwisely when we make the heart  
A bleak repertory of anxious thought ;  
Life's battle must be well and firmly fought,  
But Care can never inward strength impart.  
Man was not made to mourn, or doomed to wear  
The sallow suit of melancholy woes,  
But to be happy ; human life bestows  
Something more joyous than dull-eyed despair.  
The tiny wren, 'neath Winter's frowning sky,  
Sings forth a merry strain, nor seems to heed  
That bleakness reigns o'er valley, mount, and mead,  
Or grieves that flowers no longer greet her eye.  
Hence man should learn that though time's blasts be strong,  
His heart may always find a grateful theme for song.

## THE PAST.

THE records which impartial Time hath placed  
Within the sealed-up volume of the Past,  
Can never be by mortal hand effaced,  
But shall for ever and for ever last.  
A stern decree, inflexible and wise,  
It teaches men how great are all life's facts,  
And that the slightest of their moral acts  
Exerts an influence on their destinies.  
The Past, to him who patiently would learn,  
Becomes a kindly monitor and guide ;  
To those who from its teachings turn aside,  
Its warning voice can give but small concern ;  
A beacon light, its radiance shines afar,  
And shows where joys and peace, and woes and sorrows are.

---

## HUMAN PURSUITS.

MANKIND, with eager haste and panting breast,  
Pursue the bubbles of this fleeting life,  
Nor pause to think that such pursuit is rife  
With barren hopes and feverish unrest.  
First, WEALTH, with large and most attractive eye,  
Engrosses wide and paramount concern ;  
Whilst proud AMBITION, absolute and stern,  
Leads from content and sweet serenity ;  
Gay PLEASURE, next, with soft, seductive smiles,  
Allures, alike, the thoughtless and the vain ;  
She fills the heart with joys that turn to pain,  
So subtle and pernicious are her wiles :  
Thus, men, from worthless objects seek for bliss,  
But shun the path that leads to perfect happiness.

## A PSALM OF PRAISE.

How vast is the greatness, how boundless the love,  
Of the Father of Spirits who reigneth above ;  
Before whose high seat light and majesty blaze,  
Whose vision, all-piercing, creation surveys.

His hand sways the sceptre of empire abroad ;  
Him, nations adoring, acknowledge their God ;  
And angels of brightness who wait on his throne,  
Confess his great glory, his sov'reignty own.

His word brought from darkness the orient light,  
And myriads of worlds in the strength of his might ;  
His outstretch'd arm spread yon curtain on high,  
And studded with jewels the path of the sky.

The storm and the tempest obey his behest,  
They rage at his will, at his voice sink to rest ;  
And the waves of the ocean which foam as with pride,  
Are feeble and weak when he bids them subside.

Though great is his power, yet his bounty is given  
To all that exist 'neath the covert of heaven,  
He strews all our pathways with blessings and joys,  
And daily with kindness our cravings supplies.

He poureth his rain on the genial earth,  
And awakes it from slumber to life and new birth ;  
He breathes the sweet perfume that floats on the gale ;  
And crowns with rich beauty each mountain and vale.

All Nature rejoices beneath his bright smile,  
Displaying her grandeur our woe to beguile,  
Unlocking her treasures to bid man adore  
The God with whose riches the earth is spread o'er.

Oh ! then let each heart with sweet gratitude glow,  
From each tongue let the accents of piety flow,  
Let the Hymn of Thanksgiving as incense arise,  
To the Sovereign Supreme of the Earth and the Skies !

## SONG.

## I MET MY LOVE IN YONDER GROVE.

I MET my Love in yonder grove,  
Where purling waters flow ;  
Where happy birds trill lays of love,  
And modest wild flowers grow.

The round moon threw her silver rays  
O'er the landscape far and near ;  
And bright-eyed stars, with radiant gaze,  
Made our place of trysting dear.

No sound was heard save night's sweet bird,  
Whose echoes woke the silent glade,  
And save the trees, which gently stirred,  
As the light wind through them played.

The place was meet for lover's tale ;  
I vainly tried to still my heart ;  
My words—but what could words avail ?  
They only told my love in part.

I could not tell her all I felt,  
Though this my trembling lips essayed ;  
O'ercome with love, I could have knelt,  
And thus and there her favour prayed.

She did not cast my love aside,  
Nor coldly scorn my ardent sighs ;  
O joy ! I saw the gentle tide  
Of love within her heart arise.

Then felt I blest ; the firm-set earth  
Grew light beneath my joyous feet ;  
My soul was filled with bounding mirth,  
For oh ! my Love was true and sweet.



## SONG.

## 'TIS NOT BECAUSE MY LOVE IS FAIR.

'Tis not because my love is fair,  
That I esteem so dear a prize ;  
'Tis not because her form so rare,  
Shines forth in beauty's sweetest guise ;

'Tis not because her loving smile  
Is like the sunshine, warm and bright,  
And scatters, without art or guile,  
The rays of beauty's heavenly light.

'Tis not because her gentle voice  
Is like a loved, familiar tune,  
Which thrills and makes the heart rejoice,  
But dies away, alas ! too soon.

All these I love ; but that which holds  
Me captive in her fond control,  
Is her sweet goodness, which unfolds  
And marks nobility of soul.

The outward charms which grace the fair  
Will fade as Time pursues his flight ;  
But neither time, nor age, nor care,  
Can dim the sheen of virtue's light.

And thus, while bards in honied phrase,  
Extol the charms of those they love,  
I praise my lady's inward grace,  
Which shines all other charms above.

## SONG.

—

OH! WHY ART THOU SAD, MY BELOVED ONE?

OH! why art thou sad, my beloved one?  
Why glitter those pearls in thine eye?  
Oh! why from thy cheek has the rose gone?  
And heaves that chaste bosom a sigh?

Thou shouldst not be sad; far away, love,  
Cast the shadows that hang on thy brow;  
Thy lover will close to thee stay, love,  
He offers thee solace e'en now.

On the past art thou dwelling, my fair one?  
On the sweet sunny scenes of thy youth?  
Their lustre was ne'er dimmed by care, love;  
They shone in the light of thy truth.

But oh! from the past turn thy view, love,  
Think only of that which is near;  
The past may be brilliant of hue, love,  
But the future beams hopeful and clear!

—

## SERENADE.

I STAND 'neath thy casement, my heart's love,  
I give all my thoughts unto thee;  
Thou art pure as the moon in the sky, love,  
That sheds down effulgence on me.

Of what art thou thinking, my sweet love?  
Of scenes ever radiant and fair?  
Thy form from my vision is hid, love,  
But grace and perfection are there.

I'll chase from thy dwelling afar, love,  
The night-dog, the wolf, and the owl;  
I'll call on the queen of the stars, love,  
To guard thee from all that is foul.

I'll call on the scent-breathing flowers, love,  
To spread their rich perfumes around;  
I'll call on the soft summer wind, love,  
To lull thee in slumbers profound.

But oh! ere I leave thee to night, love,  
Give one gracious smile unto me;  
I'll cherish that smile in my heart, love,  
And its magic shall chain me to thee!

---

WINTER. SPRING. SUMMER.

MEN call old Winter harsh and rude  
As his storms o'er the welkin rave;  
But though he's stern, he's kind and good,  
And his heart is stout and brave.

His breath, 'tis true, is cold and keen,  
And his aspect seems not fair,  
And snow, and frost, and mist are seen  
O'er his landscapes wild and bare.

He gives to Earth two daughters sweet,  
Both bright as the glorious sun ;  
He's scarcely gone ere Spring's light feet  
O'er the plains with gladness run.

She gently breathes, and the ice-bound earth  
With verdure and life awakes ;  
And birds appear, whose joyous mirth,  
Once more from the grove outbreaks.

Mild is her breath at early morn,  
And sweet when the sun has kissed  
The dews from off the green hawthorn,  
Which her hands have newly drest.

But she stays not long—she hastes away  
From the scenes where her steps have been,  
And leaves the earth all fresh and gay,  
Arrayed in robes of green.

Then Summer fair, with radiant face,  
And zone enwreathed with flowers,  
Comes forth in purest virgin grace,  
To deck her pleasant bowers.

She widely spreads with bounteous hand  
Rare flowers and luscious fruits,  
And breathes o'er all the smiling land  
Soft airs, like to a lute's.

These are the daughters, bright and fair,  
Which Winter gives to earth ;  
None can their countless charms declare,  
Or tell their priceless worth.

## MORNING.—APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.

O NATURE! teacher of the good and wise,  
 Be thou my teacher; let me learn of thee  
 All the sweet lessons which thy school contains—  
 Drink deep of thy delights, and from thy smile  
 Catch the blest influence which it ever brings.  
 All is harmonious in thy wide domain.  
 Thy lofty trees that move to the soft wind,  
 Thy meadows green, thy flowers of every hue,  
 And the glad birds that sing in richest tones—  
 These charms are thine, and he who wisely looks  
 Must find in them supreme and lasting joy.

As raptured lovers gaze on those they love,  
 So let me gaze, and let my love of thee  
 Inspire my heart with good and gentle thoughts,  
 That, rising from thy feet, I may go forth,  
 And spread the good that I receive from thee.

---

 TO THE DYING OLD YEAR.

OLD Year! old year! thou art hastening away  
 With fleet and impetuous stride,  
 And thou hast on the earth but few moments to stay  
 Ere thou rush down Eternity's tide.

But say, ere thou fleest, what tidings thou'lt bear  
 To the land which no mortal hath viewed?  
 Wilt thou tell of the anguish, the strife, and the care,  
 Which over our Earth have been strewed?

Wilt thou tell how our hearts have been fill'd with woe,  
 And our eyes bedimm'd with tears?  
 Wilt thou tell how the poor, slain by hunger, their foe,  
 Have been freed from their sorrows and fears?

Wilt thou tell how the foot of the demon War,  
 Has stamped on the broad battle plain,  
 How his vengeance has spread desolation afar,  
 And has left on the ground a red stain ?

Thou wilt tell of these, but forget not, old year!  
 That on earth Joy and Bliss have been,  
 That the voice of Mirth has delighted the ear,  
 And the eye bright and fair things seen.

And forget not the hand that has Charity shed  
 On the path of the lone and distrest,—  
 That has succoured the stranger, and pillowed his head,  
 And pour'd Joy in the woe-stricken breast.

Tell of these, tell of these, thou dying old year!  
 Let the Fair with the Foul intertwine ;  
 Then the sound of thy knell will less mournful appear,  
 And in death gleams of comfort will shine.

---

### A VISION.

METHOUGHT I beheld in the ambient air  
 A vision of grandeur arise,  
 And a spirit appear transcendently fair,  
 Enrobed in ethereal guise !

“No longer shall mortals,” I heard him declare,  
 In darkness and lethargy lie,  
 For the death-knell of IGNORANCE booms thro' the air,  
 And the insolent despot shall die.

“No more shall he sway o'er the nations of Earth  
 His sceptre terrific and dire ;  
 Nor load them with fetters, degrading their birth—  
 His sov'reignty now shall expire.

“Too long has he reigned—(Usurper most dread)—  
 And scattered his evils around ;  
 But a goddess shall reign in the proud Tyrant’s stead,  
 Who gracious and good shall be found.”

A form then arose—it was KNOWLEDGE—sweet maid !  
 A coronet gleaned on her brow ;  
 She bore with her, laurels, which Time cannot fade,  
 But which brighter and lovelier grow !

“All hail !” spake the spirit,—“Fair Queen, we adore !  
 And gladly thy royalty own ;  
 Assume, then, thine empire, and joyfully o’er  
 The universe reign from thy throne.

“Dispense thy kind favours, and scatter the gloom  
 Which springs from blind Error’s dark dearth ;  
 And, oh ! may thy smile, ever joyous, illumine  
 The mortals that breathe upon earth !”

---

#### ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

*Suggested by the Address of the Rochdale  
 Town Council.*

“WE hail a marriage of affection,”  
 And have heard of no objection  
 To the nuptials of Prince Frederick and the charming Princess  
 Royal,  
 We are pleased with her “selection,”  
 And hope the bright connection  
 May prove blissful to their Highnesses, and benefit our isle.

"We hail a marriage of affection,"  
 And trust the recollection  
 Of these so happy nuptials may be always borne in mind ;  
 And that henceforth every section  
 Of good folks will use reflection  
 Ere they marry; that's the proper course, as they will surely find.

"We hail a marriage of affection,"  
 And hope lovers' predilection  
 May be exercised as wisely in the pleasant time to come ;  
 And that bliss in sweet perfection,  
 With no sadness or dejection,  
 May be found by Prince and Princess in their splendid Prussian  
 home !

---

TO MY GODSON, GEORGE SANDERSON GOODMAN,  
 ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH.

FAIR bud of hope ! we hail thy presence here,  
 And greet with rapture this auspicious day ;  
 Oh, may no cloud with envious gloom severe,  
 Take from our hearts the gladness we display !

Thou com'st to bless us with thy radiant smile,  
 And cheer us with thy gentle, winning ways ;  
 Sorrow and care, thou wilt with love beguile,  
 And grace with looks serene the circling days.

Some say, oh, tiny stranger ! that the world  
 Is but a chaos of distracting cares ;  
 But far from thee let such weak thoughts be hurled,  
 The tree of life, the fruit of promise bears



Two paths alone belong to human life,  
 Each with a certain issue uncontrolled :  
 The one, the source of pain, and grief, and strife ;  
 The other yielding wealth more choice than gold.

With teachings firm the quick revolving years  
 Will shew thee which to shun and which to love ;  
 Thy parents' care will chase away thy fears,  
 And guide thy thoughts to happier realms above.

Oh, if the heart that dictates these poor rhymes,  
 Possessed the power to shape thy destiny,  
 Thy life should be more sweet than village chimes,  
 And health, and fame, and wealth thy portion be !

But he, like thee, is frail and has no strength  
 To scatter bliss or make thy peace secure ;  
 Have faith in God, and thou shalt find at length  
 How firm His word is, and His love how sure.

Then bud of hope ! we hail thy presence here,  
 And greet with rapture this auspicious day :  
 No cloud shall rise with envious gloom severe  
 To steal the joy our gladsome hearts betray !

---

I N M E M O R I A M .

[*Written during the Russian War.*]

THE brave in heart have sunk to rest  
 'Mid the roar and strife of war,  
 In foreign lands, in lands noblest,  
 From their home and kindred far.

From peaceful hearths, in gallant pride,  
 The noble warriors went ;  
 And many a prayer that God would guide  
 Their acts to Heaven was sent.

With hearts as firm as their native oak,  
 And hands as true as their steel,  
 They dealt on the foe the deadly stroke,  
 And fought with heroic zeal.

They fell in glory ; on each brow  
 Is the victor's laurel twined,  
 And History holds their triumphs now  
 To the gaze of human-kind.

O woe ! within our wailing land  
 Are bosoms ill at ease ;  
 But generous-minded men have planned  
 Relief and help for these ;

And brave Old England ! strong in arms,  
 Shall lay the Tyrant low,  
 And hurl destruction on the swarms  
 Of the haughty Russian foe.

---

### THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

“Europe and America are united by Telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.”

SCIENCE, with rapid strides, is filling all  
 The world with tokens of her mighty power,  
 And in the skilful hands of learnèd men  
 Is covering earth and sea with wondrous  
 And stupendous monuments of greatness.  
 Witness, now, this noble work bespeaking  
 All our praise, and all our highest thought.  
 Here, two mighty Continents, immensely  
 Distant, are joined and linked together now

As closely as friend's hand within a friend's,  
 And kindred peoples, thousand miles apart,  
 Converse as freely as if side by side.  
 Marvellous, indeed, is such a work ; but not  
 To man be given the praise ; to Him above  
 Without whose aid the mightiest effort  
 Of man's power is frail and worse than futile—  
 To Him alone be praise and honour paid.

In works like this, we see how He designs  
 By human means, and 'neath His fostering care,  
 To benefit the creatures of His hand.

Before such wonders, how the human mind  
 Pants to behold the future of man's being,  
 Longs to descry the secrets which lie hid  
 Within the Future's undiscovered womb.

If science, now, in these her infant days,  
 Can work such triumphs, what will she not do  
 When all her strength is manifested forth ?  
 Alas ! we cannot tell ; the mind grows weak  
 And feeble here, and has no answer nigh.

This let us pray and daily strive for :  
 That all her triumphs may accomplish good,  
 And benefit the favoured race of man  
 For which the gracious Saviour deigned to die,  
 And steadily set forth the glorious praise,  
 The sovereign honour of the King of kings !

---

L' E N V O I .

TAKE, friends, these offerings for their author's sake ;  
 He does not seek by them to win applause ;  
 But when his heart has been in likely mood,  
 His pen has written what his mind has urged.

Here, then, you have them fresh as from the heart  
They came, unpolished, and with no attempt  
To earn an Author's fame : he knows full well  
What evils lie about the course of him  
Who casts restraint off, such as he must do  
Who throws his soul and strength into the path  
Of literary work. He has not scorned the Muses,  
But his commerce with them hath been seldom,  
And each time when their graces he has viewed,  
He has been much enamoured of their smiles,  
And felt how pleasant 'twas to be with them.

Therefore, friends, be thoughtful in your judgment ;  
Judge as he is, not as he should have been,  
And if these trifles please at all your minds,  
No praise belongs to him ; the pleasure flows  
From out your kind and partial hearts alone.

THE END.

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